

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Ταρασσαι τὲς' Ἀνθρώπους ἐ τὰ Πράγματα,
ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δογματά.

V O' L. II.

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^A
Namur - Siege - 1695

THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

I Have begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle *Toby* was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of *Namur*, 1695. where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King *William's* wars---but if he has not,---I then inform him, that one of the

most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the *English* and *Dutch* upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, between the gate of *St. Nicolas*, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the *English* were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demibastion of *St. Roch* : The issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this ; That the *Dutch* lodged themselves upon the counter-guard,---and that the *English* made themselves masters of the covered-way before *St. Nicolas's gate*, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my uncle *Toby* was an eye-witness at *Namur*,---the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the *Maes* and *Sambre*, from seeing much of each other's operations,---my uncle *Toby* was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it ; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between
the

the scarp and counterscarp, —the glacis and covered-way,—the half-moon and ravelin,—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms ;——so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my uncle *Toby* did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs where tolerably clear-headed, or my uncle *Toby* was in one of his best explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my uncle *Toby*, was this— that in the attack of the counterscarp before the gate of *St. Nicolas*, extending itself from the bank of the *Maes*, quite up to the great water-stop, the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices

on all sides,—and he would get so sadly bewildered and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life ; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my uncle *Toby Shandy* more perturbations than you would imagine ; and as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and fresh inquirers,—he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt my uncle *Toby* had great command of himself,—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men ;—yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half moon, or get out of the covered way without falling down the counterscarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly :—He did so ;—and the little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read

Hippocrates,

Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read *Hippocrates*, or Dr. *James Mackenzie*, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion.—(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)——may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle *Toby* must have undergone upon that score only.

—My uncle *Toby* could not philosophize upon it ;——'twas enough he felt it was so,——and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved some way or other to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lye in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of *Namur*, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease.---I take notice of his desire to have the environs along with

the town and citadel, for this reason,---because my uncle *Toby's* wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of *St. Roch*;--so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle *Toby* his HOBBY-HORSE.

C H A P. II.

THERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your criticks and gentry of refined taste run it down: Nor is there any thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving

leaving them out of the party, or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing our attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critick (by occupation) at table.

———I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them;—and, in the next place, I pay them all court,---Gentlemen, I kiss your hands, I protest no company could give me half the pleasure,---by my soul I am glad to see you,———I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaisance so far, as to have left a seventh open for them,—and in this very spot I stand on; but being told by a Critick, (tho' not by occupation,—but by nature) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room next year,

——How

! ————— How, in the name of wonder ! could your uncle *Toby*, who, it seems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool,—be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed fellow, as—Go look.

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied ; but I scorn it.——'Tis language unurbane,—and only befitting the man who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or drive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant,—and therefore I reject it ; for tho' it might have suited my uncle *Toby's* character as a soldier excellently well,—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the *Lillabullero*, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given ; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition ;—that even my similes, my allusions, my illustrations, my metaphors, are erudite,—and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too,—else what would become of me ? Why,
Sir,

Sir, I should be undone;——at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critick,—I should have made an opening for a couple.

——Therefore I answer thus :

Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have you ever read, did you ever read such a book as *Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding* ?
 ——Don't answer me rashly,---because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it, —and many have read it who understand it not : —if either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is. ——It is a history.---A history ! of who ? what ? where ? when ? Don't hurry yourself ——It is a history-book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind ; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

Now

Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion, in the mind of a man, is three-fold.

Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions, made by objects when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received.---Call down *Dolly* your chamber-maid, and I will give you my cap and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain that *Dolly* herself shall understand it as well as *Malbranch*.-----When *Dolly* has indited her epistle to *Robin*, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right side ;-----take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can, by nothing in this world, be so aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which *Dolly's* hand is in search of.—Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you,—'tis an inch, Sir, of red seal-wax.

When this is melted and dropped upon the
letter,

letter, if *Dolly* fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it. Very well. If *Dolly's* wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the impression, how hard soever *Dolly* thrusts against it; and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless haste, as her Mistress rings the bell;——in any one of these three cases, the print, left by the thimble, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass jack.

Now you must understand that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my uncle *Toby's* discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists,—to shew the world what it did *not* arise from.

What it did arise from, I have hinted above, and a fertile source of obscurity it is,—and ever will be,—and that is the unsteady uses of words which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

It

It is ten to one (at *Arthur's*) whether you have ever read the literary histories of past ages ; —if you have,—what terrible battles, 'yclept logomachies, have they occasioned and perpetuated with so much gall and ink shed,—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

Gentle critic ! when thou has weighed all this, and consider'd within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation has been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only :—— What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about *ῥοία* and *ὑπόστασις* ; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about spirit ;—about essences, and about quintessences ;——about substances, and about space.——What confusion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense ! when thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my uncle *Toby's* perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counter-scarp ;—his glacis and his covered-way ;—his ravelin and his half-moon : 'Twas not by ideas,——by heaven ; his life was put in jeopardy by words.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* got his map of *Namur* to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passions and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight's close and painful application, which, by the bye, did my uncle *Toby's* wound, upon his groin, no good,---he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with *Gobesius's* military architecture and pyroballogy, translated from the *Flemish*, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and before he was two full months gone,---he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterescarp with great order; ---but having, by that time, gone much deeper

deeper into the art, than what his first motive made necessary,---my uncle *Toby* was able to cross the *Maes* and *Sambre*; make diversions as fat as *Vauban's* line, the abbey of *Salsines*, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of *St. Nicholas*, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But the desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. The more my uncle *Toby* pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it! —by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you, thro' which I ween the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-virtued,—be-pictured,—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle *Toby* drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirst, so that before the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in *Italy* or *Flanders*, for which, by one means or other,

other, he had not procured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the histories of their sieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works, all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the second year my uncle *Toby* purchased *Romelli* and *Cataneo*, translated from the *Italian*; likewise *Stevinus*, *Moralis*, the Chevalier *de Ville*, *Lorini*, *Coehorn*, *Sheeter*, the Count *de Pagan*, the Marshall *Vauban*, *Monf. Blondel*, with almost as many more books of military architecture, as *Don Quixote* was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in *August*, ninety-nine, my uncle *Toby* found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles:—and having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain head, he began with *N. Tartaglia*, who it seems was

the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mischief under the notions of a right line—This *N. Tartaglia* proved to my uncle *Toby* to be an impossible thing.

————— Endless is the Search of Truth.

No sooner was my uncle *Toby* satisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball did go: For which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old *Maltus*, and studied him devoutly.---He proceeded next to *Gallileo* and *Torricellius*, wherein, by certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA---or else an HYPERBOLA,---and that the parameter, or *latus rectum*, of the conic section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the sine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;---and that the semi-parameter,———stop! my dear uncle *Toby*, ---stop!---go not one foot farther into this
tho:ny

thorny and bewildered track,---intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee.---O my uncle; fly---fly---fly from it as from a serpent. ---Is it fit, good-natural man! thou shouldest sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights baking thy blood with hectic watchings?---Alas! 'twill exasperate thy symptoms, ---check thy perspirations---evaporate thy spirits,---waste thy animal strength,---dry up thy radical moisture,---bring thee into a costive habit of body,---impair thy health,---and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age.---O my uncle! my uncle *Toby*.

C H A P. IV.

I Would not give a groat for that man's knowledge in pen craft, who does not understand this,---That the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my uncle *Toby*---would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader's

der's palate ;---therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my story.

———Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we choose the less evil; deeming it even more pardonable to trespass against truth, than beauty. This is to be understood *cum grano salis*; but be it as it will,---as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else,---'tis not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle *Toby* perceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the conic section angered his wound, he left off the study of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt,---

shirt—to dismiss his barber unhaven,—— and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing how it went on: When, lo!--all of a sudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery,---complained to my father, grew impatient with the surgeon;---and one morning as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of the cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished at least by that time:---He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment;----adding, that had it not been for the kind looks, and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers,—he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.---- My father was by: My uncle *Toby's* eloquence brought tears into his eyes;—'twas unexpected——My uncle *Toby*, by nature, was not eloquent;——it had the greater effect.—— The surgeon was confounded; — not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater,

marks of impatience,---bnt 'twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my uncle *Toby's* carriage;---he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word;—he had been all patience,---all submission.

—We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it;——but we often treble the force:---The surgeon was astonished; but much more so, when he heard my uncle *Toby* go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up the wound directly,——or sending for Monsieur *Ronjat*, the King's Serjeant-Surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man's nature;—the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister-passion to it: These my uncle *Toby* had in common with his species;---and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well and out of doors;---but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way; and from the time and manner in which this eager desire shewed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect
there

there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my uncle *Toby's* head :---There was so, and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to set forth what that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle *Toby* in the middle of his sentence.

C H A P. V.

WHEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion, --- or, in other words, when his HOBBY-HORSE grows head-strong, ---farewel cool reason and fair discretion !

My uncle *Toby's* wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprize, and could get leave to say as much---he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate ; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of,---it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads twelve hours before, would have

conveyed an idea of a shorter duration to my uncle *Toby's* mind :---The succession of his ideas was now rapid,---he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution ;---and so without consulting farther with any soul living,---which by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice, ---he privately ordered *Trim*, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot-and-four to be at the door exactly by twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon 'Change—So leaving a bank-note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's---he pack'd up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one side, and *Trim* on the other,———my uncle *Toby* embarked for *Shandy-Hall*.

The reason, or rather the rise, of this sudden demigration, was as follows :

The table in my uncle *Toby's* room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him,
 ---being

---being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crouded upon it---he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; ---and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling,---he thrust Monsieur *Blondel* off the table, and Count *de Pagan* o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle *Toby* was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself, --he rung his bell for his man *Trim*;---*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, prithee see what confusion I have here been making--- I must have some better contrivance, *Trim*--- Can'st not thou take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?---Yes; an' please your Honour, replied *Trim*, making a bow; but I hope your Honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat, where,---as your Honour takes so much pleasure

sure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.

I must here inform you, that this servant of my uncle *Toby's*, who went by the name of *Trim*, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company,—— his real name was *James Butler*,---but having got the nick-name of *Trim* in the regiment, my uncle *Toby*, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of *Landen*, which was two years before the affair of *Namur*;---and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow in the bargain, my uncle *Toby* took him for his servant; and of excellent use was he, attending my uncle *Toby* in the camp and in his quarters as valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle *Toby* loved the man in return, and
what

what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge :—For Corporal *Trim*, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his Master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained HOBBY HORSEICALLY, as a body-servant, *Non Hobby Horfical per se* ;—had become no mean proficient in the science ; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle *Toby* himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal *Trim's* character,—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise, —or rather to hear himself talk ; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so ; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him ;—he was voluble ;—the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the respectfulness of Corporal *Trim's* manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that though you might have been incommoded,—you could not well

well be angry. My uncle *Toby* was seldom either the one or the other with him,—or, at least, this fault in *Trim*, broke no squares with 'em. My uncle *Toby*, as I said, loved the man;—and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant,—but as an humble friend, ---he could not bear to stop his mouth.---such was Corporal *Trim*.

If I durst presume, continued *Trim*, to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter.---Thou art welcome, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,---speak,---speak what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear. Why then, replied *Trim*, (not hanging his ears, and scratching his head like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division——I think, quoth *Trim*, advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards,—and pointing with his right hand open towards a map of *Dunkirk*, which was pinned against the hangings, —I think quoth Corporal *Trim*, with humble submission to your Honour's better judgment,—that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and hornworks, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of
work

work of it here upon paper, compared to what your Honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with : As summer is coming on, continued *Trim*, your Honour might fit out of doors, and give me the nography —— (Call it ichnography, quoth my uncle.)—of the town or citadel, your Honour was pleased to fit down before,—and I will be shot by your Honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your Honour's mind—I dare say thou would'st, *Trim*, quoth my uncle.—For if your Honour, continued the Corporal, could but mark me out the polygon, with its exact lines and angles——That I could do very well, quoth my uncle.—I would begin with the fossé, and if your Honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth---I can to a hair's breadth, *Trim*, replied my uncle.—I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town for the scarp,---and on that hand towards the campaign for the counterscarp.—Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.--- And when I had sloped them to your mind,—an^d please your Honour, I would face the glacis,

as the finest fortifications are done in *Flanders*, with fods,—and as your Honour knows they should be,—and I would make the walls and parapets with fods too.—The best engineers call them gazoons, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*. —Whether they are gazoons or fods, is not much matter, replied *Trim*; your Honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.---I know they are, *Trim*, in some respects,---quoth my uncle *Toby*, nodding his head;—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé, (as was the case at *St. Nicholas's Gate*) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your Honour understands these matters, replied Corporal *Trim*, better than any officer in his Majesty's service;—but would your Honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and palisadoes, that it should be
worth

worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle *Toby* blushed as red as scarlet as *Trim* went on;—but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty,—or of anger;—it was a blush of joy;—he was fired with Corporal *Trim's* project and description,—*Trim* ! said my uncle *Toby*, thou hast said enough.—We might begin the campaign, continued *Trim*, on the very day that his Majesty and the Allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, say no more.—Your Honour, continued *Trim*, might sit in your arm-chair (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would—Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*—Besides your Honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,— but good air, and good exercise, and good health,---and your Honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, *Trim*,---quoth my uncle *Toby* (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)---I like thy project mightily :---And if your Honour pleases, I'll this moment, go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll
bespeak

bespeak a shovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of
 ---Say no more, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,
 leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with
 rapture,---and thrusting a guinea into *Trim*'s
 hand,---*Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, say no
 more ;--- but go down, *Trim*, this moment,
 my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his Master's
 supper,---to no purpose :---*Trim*'s plan of operation
 ran so in my uncle *Toby*'s head he could
 not taste it.---*Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get
 me to-bed.---'Twas all one.---Corporal *Trim*'s
 description had fired his imagination --- my
 uncle *Toby* could not shut his eyes.--- The
 more he considered it, the more bewitching
 the scene appeared to him ;---so that, two full
 hours before day-light, he had come to a final
 determination, and had concerted the whole
 plan of his and Corporal *Trim*'s decampment.

My uncle *Toby* had a neat country-house of
 his own, in the village where my father's
 estate lay at *Shandy*, which had been left him
 by an old uncle, with a small estate of about
 one hundred pounds a year. Behind this
 house,

house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre ; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal *Trim* wished for ;——so that as *Trim* uttered the words, “ A rood and a half of ground to do “ what they would with,”——this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my uncle *Toby's* fancy ;——which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my uncle *Toby* did, to enjoy this self-same thing in private ;——I say in private ;——for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thickset flowering shrubs ;——so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure pre-conceived in my uncle *Toby's* mind.——Vain thought ! however thick it was planted about,

——or private soever it might seem,---to think, dear uncle *Toby*, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground,---and not have it known!

See Vol 2.

P. 356 How my uncle *Toby* and Corporal *Trim* managed this matter,---with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events,——may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitafis and working-up of this drama.---At present the scene must drop,---and change for the parlour fire-side.

Brown pp. 101-104

C H A P. VI.

———What can they be doing, brother? said my father.---I think, replied my uncle *Toby*,---taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence;---I think, replied he---it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray,

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, *Obadiab*?—quoth my father;----my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.

Sir, answered *Obadiab*, making a bow towards his left shoulder,---my Mistress is taken very badly.---And where's *Susannah* running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her? ——— Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied *Obadiab*, to fetch the old midwife. ——— Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife, with all our services,---and let him know your Mistress is fallen into labour,---and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle *Toby*, as *Obadiab* shut the door, ———as there is so expert an operator as Dr. *Slop* so near,—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of hers, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;——and not only the life of my child, brother,—but her own life, and

with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle *Toby*, my sister does it to save the expence:—A pudding's end,—replied my father,——the doctor must be paid the same for inaction as action——if not better,——to keep him in temper.

-----Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the simplicity of his heart,--but MODESTY. ---My sister, I dare say, added he, does not care to let a man come so near her * * * *. I will not say whether my uncle *Toby* had completed the sentence or not:——'tis for his advantage to suppose he had,——as, I think, he could have added no **ONE WORD** which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my uncle *Toby* had not fully arrived at the period's end,---the the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of
the

the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians stile the *Aposiopesis*.---Just heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the *Italian* artists;---the insensible MORE or LESS, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cætera*,---give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure!---O my countrymen!---be nice;---be cautious of your language;---and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

-----“My sister, mayhap,” quoth my uncle *Toby*, “does not choose to let a man “come so near her * * * *” Make this dash, —’tis an *Aposiopesis*.—Take the dash away, and write *Backside*,-----’tis Bawdy.—Scratch *Backside* out, and put *Cover’d-way* in,—’tis Metaphor;---and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my uncle *Toby’s* head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence,---that word was it.

But whether that was the case or not the case;---or whether the snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe so critically, happened thro' accident or anger,---will be seen in due time.

C H A P. VII.

TH O' my father was a good natural philosopher,——yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapp'd short in the middle,——he had nothing to do, as such, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire. ---He did no such thing;--- he threw them with all the violence in the world;---and, to give the action still more emphasis,---he started up upon both his legs to do it.

This looking something like heat;—— and the manner of his reply to what my uncle

Toby was saying, proved it was so.

---“Not choofe,” quoth my father, (repeating my uncle *Toby*’s words) “to let a man “come fo near her!”——By heaven, brother *Toby*! you would try the patience of *Job* ---and I think I have the plagues of one already, without it.——Why?----Where?——Wherein?——Wherefore?---Upon what account? replied my uncle *Toby*, in the utmoft astonifhment.——To think, faid my father, of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing fo little about women! —— I know nothing at all about them,—replied my uncle *Toby*; and I think continued he, that the flock I received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in my affair with widow *Wadman*;— which flock you know I fhould not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex,—has given me juft caufe to fay, That I neither know nor do pretend to know, any thing about ’em or their concerns either.——Methinks, brother, replied my father, you might, at leaft, know fo much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.

N. 100

V^{3d}

p 313.

It is said in *Aristotle's Master-Piece*, " That
 " when man doth think of any thing which is
 " past,—he looketh down upon the ground ;—
 " but that when he thinketh of something that
 " is to come, he looketh up towards the
 " heavens."

My uncle *Toby*, I suppose, thought of neither,
 —for he look'd horizontally.——Right
 end, quoth my uncle *Toby*, muttering the
 two words low to himself, and fixing his two
 eyes insensibly as he muttered them, upon a
 small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the
 chimney-piece——Right end of a woman !
 ——I declare, quoth my uncle, I know no
 more which it is than the man in the moon ;--
 and if I was to think, continued my uncle
Toby, (keeping his eye still fixed upon the bad
 joint) this month, together, I am sure I should
 not be able to find it out.

Then my brother *Toby*, replied my father, I
 will tell you.

Every thing in this world, continued my
 father (filling a fresh pipe)---every thing in this
 world,

world, my dear brother *Toby*, has two handles.
 ---Not always, quoth my uncle *Toby*---At least
 replied my father, every one has two hands,---
 which comes to the same thing.---Now if a
 man was to sit down coolly, and consider with
 in himself the make, the shape, the construction,
 com-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts
 which constitute the whole of that animal, called
 Woman, and compare them analogically----I
 never understood rightly the meaning of that
 word,---quoth my uncle *Toby*.---

ANALOGY, replied my father, is the certain
 relation and agreement, which different-----
 Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my
 father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in two
 ---and, at the same time crushed the head of as
 notable and curious a dissertation as ever was
 engendered in the womb of speculation;---it
 was some months before my father could get an
 opportunity to be safely delivered of it---And,
 at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as
 the subject of the dissertation itself, -----
 (considering the confusion and distresses of our
 domestic misadventurers, which are now com-
 ing thick one upon the back of another) whe-
 ther

ther I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

C H A P VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle *Toby* rung the bell, when *Obadiab* was ordered to saddle a horse and go for Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife ;---so that no one can say, with reason, that I have not allowed *Obadiab* time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come ;-- tho' morally and truly speaking, the man perhaps has scarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this ; and is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell

bell, and the tap at the door ;——and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds, and three fifths, —— should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time ;--- I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of its simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas, and is the true scholastic pendulum,——and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter—— adjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would, therefore, desire him to consider that it is but poor eight miles from *Shandy-Hall* to Dr. *Slop*, the man-midwife's house :—— and that whilst *Obadiab* has been going those said miles and back, I have brought my uncle *Toby* from *Namur*, quite across all *Flanders*, into *England* :——That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years ;—and have since travelled him and Corporal *Trim*, in a chariot-and-four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into *Yorkshire* ;—all which put together must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. *Slop* upon the stage,—

as much, at least (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds,—when I have said all I can about them;—and that this plea, tho' it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book, from this very moment, a professed ROMANCE, which, before, was a book apocryphal :—If I am thus pressed I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once,—— by acquainting him, that *Obediah* had not got above threescore yards from the stable yard before he met with Dr. *Slop*;—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself;——but this had better begin a new chapter—

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

IMagine to yourself a little, spuat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop* of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back and a susquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse guards.

Such were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, which,——if you have read *Hogarth's* analysis of beauty, and if you have not I wish you would ;—you must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one,---for such, I say, were the out-lines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour,—but of strength,——alack !
——scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.——They were not.——
Imagine to yourself, *Obadiab* mounted upon
strong

See Montaignes Account of his
being rode over by his Servant
B 2 Chr 6. V 2. (174) Sto Ed: P 66

strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into
a full gallop, and making all possible speed the
adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in
this description.

Had Dr. Slop beheld *Obadiab* a mile off, post-
ing in a narrow lane directly towards him, at
that monstrous rate,——splashing and plunging
like a devil thro' thick and thin, as he approach-
ed, would not such a phænomenon, with such a
vortex of mud and water moving along with it,
round its axis,——have been a subject of
juster apprehension to Dr. Slop in his situation,
than the *worst* of *Whiston's* comets?---To say
nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of *Obediah*
and the coach-horse.——In my idea, the
vortex alone of 'em was enough to have invol-
ved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the
doctor's pony, quite away with it. What then
do you think must the terror and hydrophobia
of Dr. Slop have been, when you read (which
you are just going to do) that he was advancing
thus warily along towards *Shandy-Hall*, and
had approached to within sixty yards of it, and
within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an
acute

acute angle of the garden wall,---and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane.---when *Obadiab* and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious,---pop, full upon him ! ---Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible than such a Rencounter,---so imprompt ! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as *Dr. Slop* was !

What could *Dr. Slop* do ? He crossed himself ✠---Pugh !---but the doctor, Sir, was a Papist.---No matter ; he had better have kept hold of the pummel---He had so ;---nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all ;---for in crossing himself he let go his whip, ---and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup,---in losing which he lost his feat ; ---and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that, without waiting for *Obadiab's* onset, he left his pony to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the stile and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall,

save

save that of being left (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pull'd off his cap twice to *Dr. Slop*; —once as he was falling,—and then again when he saw him seated—Ill-timed complaisance; ———had not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and help'd him? ———Sir, he did all that his situation would allow;—but the MOMENTUM of the coach-horse was so great, that *Obadiah* could not do it all at once;—he rode in a circle three times round *Dr. Slop*, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at last, when he did stop his beast, 'twas done with such an explosion of mud, that *Obadiah* had better have been a league off. In short, never was a *Dr. Slop* so beluted, and so transubstanciated, since that affair came in fashion.

C H A P. X.

WHEN *Dr. Slop* entered the back-parlour, where my father and my uncle
Toby

Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women, — it was hard to determine whether Dr. *Slop's* figure, or Dr. *Slop's* presence, occasioned more surprize to them ; for as the accident happened so near the house, as not to make it worth while for *Obadiab* to remount him, — *Obadiab* had led him in as he was, *unwiped, unappointed, unanealed*, with all his stains and blotches on him. — He stood like *Hamlet's* ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour door (*Obadiab* still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared, --- and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with *Obadiab's* explosion, that you would have sworn (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle *Toby* to have triumphed over my father in his turn ; --- for no mortal, who had beheld Dr. *Slop* in that pickle, could have dissented from so much, at least, of my uncle *Toby's* opinion, “ That
“ mayhap his sister might not care to let such
“ a Dr. *Slop* come so near her * * * * .”

Vol. II.

N

But

But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my uncle *Toby* was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to use it. — No; the reason was,---'twas not his nature to insult.

Dr. *Slop's* presence, at that time, was no less problematical than the mode of it; tho', it is certain, one moment's reflection in my father might have solved it; for he had apprized Dr. *Slop* but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing since, 'twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to *Shandy-Hall*, as he did, merely to see how matters went on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the investigation; running, like the hypercritic's, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,---measuring their distance, and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else,---common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and

so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, struck likewise strong upon the sensorium of my uncle *Toby*---but it excited a very different train of thoughts ;---the two irreconcilable pulsations instantly brought *Stevinus*, the great engineer, along with them, into my uncle *Toby's* mind. What business *Stevinus* had in this affair,--- is the greatest problem of all : It shall be solved,---but not in the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

WRiting, when properly managed, (as you may be sure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation : As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all ;---so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good breeding, would presume to

think all: The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter, amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

'Tis his turn now;---I have given an ample description of Dr. *Slop's* sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour;---his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. *Slop* has told his tale;---and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chooses:---Let him suppose, that *Obadiah* has told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will best contrast the two figures as they stand by each other.---Let him imagine, that my father has stepped up stairs to see my mother.---And to conclude this work of imagination---let him imagine the doctor washed,

washed, — rubbed down, — and condoled, — felicitated, — got into a pair of *Obadiab's* pumps, stepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce! — truce, good Dr. *Slop*! — stay thy obstetric hand? — return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm; — little dost thou know what obstacles, --- little dost thou think what hidden causes retard its operations! --- Hast thou, Dr. *Slop*, --- hast thou been intrusted with the secret articles of this solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place? --- Art thou aware that, at this instant, a daughter of *Lucinda* is put obstetrically over thy head? Alas! --- 'tis too true. --- Besides, great son of *Pilumnus*! what canst thou do? — Thou hast come forth unarm'd; — thou hast left thy *tire tête*, --- thy new-invented *forceps*, --- thy *crotchet*, --- thy *squirt*, and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance, behind thee. — By heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at thy bed's head! — Ring; — call; — send *Obadiab* back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.

---Make great haste, *Obadiah*, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;--and, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I'll give him another.

C H A P. XII.

YOUR sudden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*, (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my uncle *Toby* began to speak)——instantly brought the great *Stevinus* into my head, who, you must know, is a favourite author with me.——Then, added my father, making use of the argument *Ad Crumenam*,——I will lay twenty guineas to a single crown piece, (which will serve to give away to *Obadiah* when he gets back) that this same *Stevinus* was some engineer or other, —or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the science of fortification.

He

He has so,—replied my uncle *Toby*,—I knew it, said my father;—tho', for the soul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Dr. *Slop's* sudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification;—yet I fear'd it.——Talk of what we will, brother,——or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the subject,——you are sure to bring it in: I would not, brother *Toby*, continued my father, —I declare I would not have my head so full of curtains and horn-works.——That, I dare say, you would not, quoth Dr. *Slop*, interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critic could not detest and abhor a pun or the insinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father;——he would grow testy upon it at any time;—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a fillip upon the nose;—he saw no difference.

Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*,——the curtains my brother *Shandy* mentions here, have nothing to do with

bed-steads ;—tho', I know, *Du Cange* says, " That bed-curtains, in all probability, have " taken their name from them ;"—nor have the horn-works he speaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom : ---But the *Curtin*, Sir, is the word we use in fortification, for that part of the wall of rampart which lies between the two bastions and joins them .—Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtin, for this reason, because they are so well *flanked*. ('Tis the case of other curtins, quoth Dr. *Slop*, laughing.) However, continued my uncle *Toby*, to make them sure, we generally choose to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fossé or ditch :—The common men, who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half moon together,---tho' they are very different things ;---not in their figure or construction, for we make them exactly alike, in all points ;--for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle, with the gorges, not straight, but in form of a crescent. —Where then lies the difference ? (quoth my father, a little testily.)—In their situations, answered my uncle *Toby* :--

Toby:—For when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain, it is a ravelin ; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin ;——it is a half-moon ;——a half-moon likewise is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before its bastion ;—but was it to change place, and get before the curtain,—’twould be no longer a half-moon ; a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon, ’tis no more than a ravelin.——I think, quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides——as well as others.

——As for the horn-work (high ! ho ! sigh’d my father) which, continued my uncle *Toby*, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an outwork ;—they are called by the *French* engineers, *Quvrage a corne*, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest ;---’tis formed by two epaulments or demibastions---they are very pretty, and if you will take a walk, I’ll engage to shew you one well worth your trouble. I own, continued my uncle *Toby*, when we crown them,----they are much stronger, but then

then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground, so that, in my opinion, they are most of use to cover or defend the head of a camp ; otherwise the double tenaille.— By the mother who bore us !---brother *Toby*, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer, you would provoke a faint ;---here have you got us, I know not how, not only soufe into the middle of the old subject again---But so full is your head of these confounded works, that tho' my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will serve you but to carry off the man-midwife---*Accoucheur*--- if you please, quoth Dr. *Slop*-- With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you, ---but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil :---it has been the death of thousands,---and it will be mine in the end—I would not, I would not, brother *Toby*, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of *Namur*, and of all the towns in *Flanders* with it.

My uncle *Toby* was a man patient of injuries ;—not from want of courage—I have told you

"I remember hearing that
"brave old Admiral Sir Charles
"Wager, say, that in his life he
"had never ¹⁸⁷ killed a fly."

you in the fifth chapter of this second book, *Norau*
"that he was a man of courage:—And *Walpole*
will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under *Solter*
whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter; (39)
nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—for he felt *to*
this insult of my father's as feelingly as a man *the*
could do;—but he was of a peaceful, placid *Carb*
nature,—no jarring element in it—all was mixed *of*
up so kindly within him; my uncle Toby had *Shaf*
scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly. = *ford.*

—Go--says he, one day at dinner, to an *Volun*
over-grown one which had buzzed about his *5.*
nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner *P405*
time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he *of*
had caught at last, as it flew by him; — *L'd*
I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising *person*
from his chair, and going across the room, with *works*
the fly in his hand;—I'll not hurt a hair of
thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the fash,
and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it
escape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why
should I hurt thee?—This world surely is
wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened; but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasureable sensation;—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it: —or in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not; ————this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle *Toby*, has never since been worn out of my mind: And tho' I would not depreciate what the study of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for that me in respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since; — — yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my uncle *Toby's* picture, by the instrument with which I drew the other parts of it,——that taking in no more than the mere HOBBY-HORSICAL likeness;——this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted; he had a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended with a little fore-ness of temper; tho' this never transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy; ——yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to shew itself in drollish and witty kind of peevishness:——He was, however, frank and generous in his nature; —— at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this subacid humour towards others, but particularly towards my uncle *Toby*, whom he truly loved;——he would feel more pain, ten times told (except in the affair of my aunt *Dinah*, or where an hypothesis was concerned) that what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other,
and

Hobby Horse— or Riding Passion
See Pope's Epistle to Lord Catham.
(190)

and appeared with great advantage in this affair which arose about *Stevinus*.

I need not tell the reader, if he keep a **HOB-BY-HORSE**, --- that a man's **HOB-BY-HORSE** is as tender a part as he has about him ; and that these unprovoked strokes at my uncle *Toby's* could not be unfelt by him. — No ; — as I said above, my uncle *oby* did feel them, and very sensibly too.

Pray, Sir, what said he ? --- How did he behave ? --- O, Sir ! — it was great : For as soon as my father had done insulting his **HOB-BY-HORSE**, — he turned his head, without the least emotion, from *Dr. Slop*, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and looking up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature ; — so placid ; — so fraternal ; — so inexpressibly tender towards him ; — it penetrated my father to his heart : He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my uncle *Toby's* hands as he spoke : — Brother *Toby*, said he, — I beg thy pardon ; — forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me. --- My dear,
dear

dear brother, answered my uncle *Toby*, rising up by my father's help, say no more about it ; ---you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man ;——a brother worse ;——but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners---so unprovoking,---and so unresenting ;---'tis base :---By heaven, 'tis cowardly.——You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—had been fifty times as much. ——Besides, what have I to do, my dear *Toby*, cried my father, either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure ?

—Brother *Shandy*, answered my uncle *Toby*, looking wistfully in his face,---you are much mistaken in this point ;---for you do increase my pleasure very much, in begetting children for the *Shandy* family at your time of life.——But, by that Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, Mr. *Shandy*, increases his own.——Not a jot, quoth my father.

C H A P XIII.

MY brother does it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, out of *principle*.——In a family-way, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*.——'Pshaw!——said my father,—'tis not worth talking of.

C H A P. XIV.

AT the end of the last chapter, my father and my uncle *Toby* were left both standing, like *Brutus* and *Cassius* at the close of the scene, making up their accounts.

As my father spoke the three last words,—he sat down;—my uncle *Toby* exactly followed his example, only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal *Trim*, who was in waiting, to step home for *Stevinus*:——my uncle *Toby's* house being no farther off than the opposite side of the way.

Some men would have dropped the subject
of

of *Stevinus* ;---but my uncle *Toby* had no resentment in his heart, and he went on with the subject, to shew my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, instantly brought *Stevinus* into my head. (My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon *Stevinus's* head.)——Because, continued my uncle *Toby*, the celebrated sailing chariot, which belonged to Prince *Maurice*, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty *German* miles, in I don't know how few minutes,——was invented by *Stevinus*, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have spared your servant the trouble, quoth Dr. *Slop* (as the fellow is lame) of going for *Stevinus's* account of it, because, in my return from *Leyden* thro' the *Hague*, I walked as far as *Schevling*, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.

—That's nothing, replied my uncle *Toby*, to what the learned *Peireskius* did, who walked a

matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Schevling*, and from *Schevling* to *Paris* back again, in order to see it,—and nothing else.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

The more fool *Peireskius*, replied Dr. *Slop*. But mark, 'twas out of no contempt of *Peireskius* at all;—but that *Peireskius's* indefatigable labour in trudging so far on foot, out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. *Slop*, in that affair, to nothing;—the more fool *Peireskius*, said he again.---Why so?---replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which sat still upon my father's mind;---but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse.---Why so?---said he. Why is *Peireskius*, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge? For notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question, continued he, the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head; and tho' I cannot guess upon what

what

what principles of philosophy he has atchieved it;—yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon solid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answered at the rate my brother mentions.

It answered, replied my uncle *Toby*, as well, if not better; for, as *Peireskius* elegantly expresses it, speaking of the velocity of its motion, *Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus*; which, unless I have forgot my Latin, is, *that it was as swift as the wind itself*.

But pray, Dr. *Slop*, quoth my father, interrupting my uncle (tho' not without begging pardon for it, at the same time) upon what principles was this self-same chariot set a-going?—Upon very pretty principles to be sure, replied Dr. *Slop*;—and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the question, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,---(especially they whose wives are not past child-bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls, to which the sex is subject,—if the wind only served,——but

would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the devil take 'em) both cost and eat a great deal.

For that very reason, replied my father, "Because they cost nothing, and because they eat nothing,"—the scheme is bad ; — it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade,---brings in money, and supports the value of our lands ;—and tho', I own, if I was a prince, I would generously recompense the the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances ;---yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them.

My father here had got into his element, —and was going on as prosperously with his dissertation upon trade, as my uncle *Toby* had before, upon his of fortification ; ---but, to the loss of much sound knowledge, the destinies in the morning had decreed that no dissertation of any kind should be spun by my father that day ; ——— for as he opened his mouth to begin the next sentence,

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

IN popped Corporal *Trim* with *Stevinus* :---
 But 'twas too late,---all the discourse had
 been exhausted without him, and was running
 into a new channel.

—You may take the book home again, *Trim*,
 said my uncle *Toby*, nodding to him.

But prithee, Corporal, quoth my father,
 drolling,—look first into it, and see if thou
 canst spy aught of a sailing chariot in it.

Corporal *Trim*, by being in the service, had
 learned to obey,----and not to remonstrate,
 -----so taking the book to a side-table, and
 running over the leaves; An 'please your
 Honour, said *Trim*, I can see no such thing;--
 however, continued the Corporal, drolling a lit-
 tle in his turn, I ll make sure work of it, an'
 please your Honour;---so taking hold of the two
 covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting
 the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers
 back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

There is something fallen out, however, said
rim, an' please your Honour; but it is not a

chariot, or any thing like one :---Prithee, Corporal, said my father, smiling, what is it then ?
-----I think, answered *Trim*, stooping to take it up,---'tis more like a sermon,----for it begins with a text of scripture, and the chapter and verse ;-----and then goes on, not as a chariot, but like a sermon directly

The company smiled.

I cannot conceive how it is possible, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my *Stevinus*,

I think 'tis a sermon, replied *Trim* ;---but if it please yor Honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page ;---for *Trim*, you must know, loved to hear himself read almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, said my father, to look into things which cross the way, but such strange fatalities as these ;---and as we have nothing better to do, at least till *Obadiah* gets back, I should be obliged to you, brother, if Dr. *Slop* has no objection to it, to
order

order the Corporal to give us a page or two of it,---if he is as able to do it, as he seems willing. An' please your Honour, quoth *Trim*, I officiated two whole campaigns, in *Flanders*, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.---He can read it, quoth my uncle *Toby*, as well as I can. ---*Trim*, I assure you, was the best scholar in my company, and should have had the next halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal *Trim* laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his master;---then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty,---he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by his audience.

C H A P. XVI.

—If you have any objection,---said my father, addressing himself to Dr. *Slop*. Not in the least, replied Dr. *Slop*;---for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote;

——it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,---so that we run equal risks ——'Tis wrote upon neither side, quoth *Trim*, for 'tis only upon *Conscience*, an' please your Honours.

Trim's reason put his audience into good humour,---all but Dr. *Slop*, who turning his head about towards *Trim*, looked a little angry.

Begin, *Trim*,——and read distinctly, quoth my father.---I will, an' please your Honour, replied the Corporal, making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right hand.

C H A P. XVII.

—But before the Corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude ;——otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture,——stiff,---perpendicular,---dividing the weight of
his

his body equally upon both legs ;---his eye fixed, as if on duty ;—his look determined,—clutching his sermon in his left-hand, like his firelock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint *Trim*, as if he was standing in his platoon ready for action. — His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed, and bent forwards just so far, to make an angle of 85 degrees and a half upon the plain of the horizon ;—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well, to be the true persuasive angle of incidence ;—in any other angle you may talk and preach ; — 'tis certain ;---and it is done every day ;---but with what effect,---I leave the world to judge !


The necessity of this precise angle of 85 degrees and a half to a mathematical exactness,--does it not shew us, by the way,---how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other.

How the duce Corporal *Trim*, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly ; ——— or whether
it

it was chance or nature, or good sense or imitation, &c. shall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and sciences, where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar, the coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood,——for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view, with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards,—his right-leg from under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight,—the foot of his left-leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little,—not literally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them;—his knee bent, but that not violently, —but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty;—and I add, of the line of science too;—for consider, it had one eighth part of his body to bear up;—so that in this case the position of the leg is determined,—because the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

This

 This I recommend to painters :—need I add,—to orators ?—I think not ; for unless they practise it,——they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal *Trim's* body and legs —He held the sermon loosely,—not carelessly, in his left-hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast ; ——his right-arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,—but with the palm of it open and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment, in case it stood in need.

Corporal *Trim's* eyes and the muscles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him ; ——he looked frank, ——unconstrained, ——something assured, ——but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critic ask how Corporal *Trim* could come by all this ; ---I've told him it shall be explained ; ——but so he stood before my father, my uncle *Toby*, and Dr. *Slop*, ---so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with
such

such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure,---a statuary might have modelled from it ;---nay, I doubt whether the oldest Fellow of a College,---or the *Hebrew* Professor himself could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows :

THE S E R M O N.

HEBREWS xxii. 8.

————— *For we trust we have a good Conscience.*

“ **T**RUST !---Trust we have a good conscience !”

[Certainly, *Trim*, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent ; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the Parson was going to abuse the Apostle.

He is, an' please your Honour, replied *Trim*.
Pugh ! said my father, smiling.

Sir,

Sir, quoth Dr. *Slop*, *Trim* is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Protestant) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the Apostle, is certainly going to abuse him,—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Dr. *Slop*, that the writer is of our Church? — for aught I can see yet, — he may be of any Church. — Because, answered Dr. *Slop*, if he was of ours, ——— he durst no more take such a licence, ——— than a bear by his beard: ——— If in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an Apostle, ——— a saint, — or even the paring of a saint's nail, — he would have his eyes scratched out. — What, by the saint, quoth my uncle *Toby*. No, replied Dr. *Slop*, he would have an old house over his head. Pray is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle *Toby*, or is it a modern one? — I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. *Slop*. ——— An' please your Honours, quoth *Trim*, the Inquisition is the vilest ——— Prithce spare thy description, *Trim*, I hate the very name of it, said my father. —

No

No matter for that, answered Dr. Slop,—it has its uses; for tho' I'm no great advocate for it, yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains. God help him then, quoth my uncle *Toby*. Amen, added *Trim*; for heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one word of it before, said my uncle *Toby*, hastily:—How came he there, *Trim*?——O, Sir! the story will make your heart bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times; —— but it is too long to be told now; —— your Honour shall hear it from first to last some day when I am working beside you in our fortifications; —— but the short of the story is this:—That my brother *Tom* went over a servant to *Lisbon*,—— and then married a *Jew's* widow, who kept a small shop, and sold faufages, which, somehow or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition, where, God help him, con-

tinued

tinued *Trim*, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour;——he was as honest a soul, added *Trim*, (pulling out his handkerchief) as ever blood warmed.——

———The tears trickled down *Trim's* cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away.--- A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes.———Certain proof of pity!

Come, *Trim*, quoth my father, after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent,—read on,—and put this melancholy story out of thy head:—I grieve that I interrupted thee; ---but prithee begin the sermon again;---for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great desire to know what kind of provocation the apostle has given.

Corporal *Trim* wiped his face, and returned his handkerchief into his pocket, and making a bow as he did it,---he began again.]

The S E R M O N.

H E B R E W S xiii. 18.

————— *For we trust we have a good Consci-*
ence. —————

“ **T**RUST! trust we have a good con-
“ science! Surely if there is any thing
“ in this life which a man may depend upon,
“ and to the knowledge of which he is capa-
“ ble of arriving upon the most indisputa-
“ ble evidence, it must be this very thing,
“ ---whether he has a good conscience or
“ no.”

[I am positive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.]

“ If a man thinks at all, he cannot well
“ be a stranger to the true state of this ac-
“ count;---he must be privy to his own
“ thoughts and desires; ——— he must re-
“ member his past pursuits, and know certain-
“ ly the true springs and motives, which,
“ in

“ in general, have governed the action of his
“ life.”

[I defy him, without an assistant, quoth Dr.
Slop.]

“ In other matters we may be deceived by
“ false appearances; and, as the wise man
“ complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the*
“ *things that are upon the earth, and with labour*
“ *do we find the things that are before us.* But
“ here the mind has all the evidence and facts
“ within herself ;---is conscious of the web
“ she has wove ;---knows its texture and fine-
“ ness, and the exact share which every
“ passion has had in working upon the several
“ designs which virtue or vice has planned
“ before her.”

[The language is good, and I declare *Trim*
reads very well, quoth my father.]

“ Now,—as conscience is nothing else but
“ the knowledge which the mind has within
“ herself of this; and the judgment, either
“ of approbation or censure, which it unavoid-

“ably makes upon the successive actions of
 “our lives; ’tis plain you will say, from the
 “very terms of the proposition,----whenever
 “this inward testimony goes against a man,
 “and he stands self-accused,---that he must
 “necessarily be a guilty man.-- And, on the
 “contrary, when the report is favourable on
 “his side, and his heart condemns him not:
 “——that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the
 “Apostle intimates,—but a matter of *cer-*
 “*tainty* and fact, that the conscience is good,
 “and that the man must be good also.”

[Then the Apostle is altogether in the
 wrong, I suppose, quoth Dr. *Slop*, and the
 Protestant divine is in the right. Sir, have
 patience, replied my father, for I think it will
 presently appear that St. *Paul* and the Protestant
 divine are both of an opinion.—As nearly so,
 quoth Dr. *Slop*, as east is to west; —but this,
 continued he, lifting both hands, comes from
 the liberty of the press.

It is no more, at the worst, replied my uncle
Toby, than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does
 not

not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father.]

“ At first sight this may seem to be a true
 “ state of the case: and I make no doubt but
 “ the knowledge of right and wrong is so
 “ truly impressed upon the mind of man,---
 “ that did no such thing ever happen, as that
 “ the conscience of a man, by long habits
 “ of sin, might (as the scripture assures it
 “ may) insensibly become hard;—and, like
 “ some tender parts of his body, by much
 “ stress and continual hard usage, lose by de-
 “ grees, that nice sense and perception with
 “ which God and nature endowed it:---Did
 “ this ever happen;---or was it certain that
 “ self-love could never hang the least bias
 “ upon the judgment;---or that the little in-
 “ terests below could rise up and perplex the
 “ faculties of our upper regions, and encom-
 “ pass them about with clouds and thick dark-
 “ ness:—Could no such thing as favour
 “ and affection enter this sacred COURT:---
 “ Did WIT disdain to take a bribe in it.--or

“ was ashamed to shew its face as an advocate
 “ for an unwarantable enjoyment :---Or, last-
 “ ly, were we assured, that INTEREST stood
 “ always unconcerned whilst the cause was
 “ hearing,---and that passion never got into
 “ the judgment seat, and pronounced sentence
 “ in the stead of reason, which is supposed
 “ always to preside and determine upon the
 “ case :---Was this truly so, as the objection
 “ must suppose ;---no doubt then, the religious
 “ and moral state of a man would be exactly
 “ what he himself esteemed it ;---and the guilt
 “ or innocence of every man’s life could be
 “ known, in general, by no better measure,
 “ than the degrees of his own approbation and
 “ censure.

“ I own, in one case, whenever a man’s
 “ conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs
 “ on that side) that he is guilty ; and unless
 “ in melancholy and hypocondriac cases, we
 “ may safely pronounce upon it, that there is
 “ always sufficient grounds for the accusa-
 “ tion.

“ But

“ But the converse of the proposition will
 “ not hold true ;—namely, that whenever
 “ there is guilt, the conscience must accuse ;
 “ and if it does not, that a man is therefore
 “ innocent.---This is not fact:—So that
 “ the common consolation with some good
 “ christian or other is hourly administering to
 “ himself,——that he thanks God his mind
 “ does not misgive him ; and that, consequent-
 “ ly, he has a good conscience, because he
 “ hath a quiet one,---is fallacious ;---and as
 “ current as the inference is, and as infallible
 “ as the rule appears at first sight, yet when
 “ you look nearer to it, and try the truth of
 “ this rule upon plain facts,---you see it liable
 “ to so much error from a false application ;
 “ ---the principle upon which it goes so often
 “ perverted ; — the whole force of it lost,
 “ and sometimes so vilely cast away, that
 “ it is painful to produce the common ex-
 “ amples from human life which confirm the
 “ account.

“ A man shall be vicious and utterly de-
 “ bauched in his principles ;---exceptiona-
 “ ble in his conduct to the world ; shall live
 P 3 shame-

“ shameless, in the open commission of a sin
 “ which no reason or pretence can justify ;—
 “ a sin by which, contrary to all the workings of
 “ humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded
 “ partner of his guilt ;—rob her of her best
 “ dowry ; and not only cover her own head
 “ with dishonour,—but involve a whole virtuous
 “ family in shame and sorrow for her sake,—
 “ Surely, you will think conscience must lead
 “ such a man a troublesome life ;—he can have
 “ no rest night or day from its reproaches.

“ Alas ! CONSCIENCE had something else to
 “ do, all this time, than break in upon him ;
 “ as *Elijah* reproached the God *Baal*,—this
 “ domestic God *was either talking, or pursuing,*
 “ *or was in a journey, or peradventure he slept and*
 “ *could not be awake.*

“ Perhaps HE was gone out in company
 “ with HONOUR to fight a duel ; to pay off
 “ some debt at play ;— or dirty annuity,
 “ the bargain of his lust : Perhaps CONSCI-
 “ ENCE all this time was engaged at home,
 “ talking aloud against petty larceny, and ex-
 “ ecuting vengeance upon such puny crimes as
 “ his

“ his fortune and rank in life secured him against
 “ all temptation of committing; so that he lives
 “ as merrily”---[If he was of our church tho’,
 quoth Dr. *Slop*, he could not]---“ sleeps as
 “ soundly in his bed;---and at last meets death
 “ as unconcernedly;---perhaps much more
 “ so than a much better man.”

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr.
Slop, turning to my father,---the case could
 not happen in our church.---It happens in
 ours, however, replied my father, but too often.
 ---I own, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (struck a little with
 my father’s frank acknowledgment)---that a
 man in the *Romish* church may live as badly;
 ---but then he cannot easily die so.---

’Tis little matter, replied my father, with an
 air of indifference,---how a rascal dies.---

I mean, answered Dr. *Slop*, he would be denied
 the benefits of the last sacraments.---

Pray how many have you in all, said my uncle
Toby,---for I always forget?---Seven, an-
 swered Dr. *Slop*.---Humph!---said my uncle
Toby;---tho’ not accented as a note of acqui-
 escence,---but as an interjection of that
 particular species of surprise, when a man, in

To be said with the same cadence
say, "I have got an Apple Miss, and
X

(216)

X looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected---Humph ! replied my uncle *Toby*. Dr. *Slop*, who had an ear, understood my uncle *Toby* as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments. ——— Humph ! replied Dr. *Slop*, (stating my uncle *Toby*'s argument over again to him) ——— Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues ? ——— Seven mortal sins ? ——— Seven golden candlesticks ? ——— Seven heavens ? ——— Tis more than I know, replied my uncle *Toby*. ——— Are there not seven wonders of the world ? ——— Seven days of the creation : ——— Seven planets ? ——— Seven plagues ? ——— That there are, quoth my father, with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, *Trim*.]

“ Another is sordid, unmerciful,” (here *Trim* waved his right-hand) “ a straight-hearted, “ selfish wretch, incapable either of private “ friendship or public spirit. Take notice how “ he passes by the widow and orphan in their “ distress, and sees all the miseries incident to “ human life without a sigh and a prayer.” [An’ please

with Oh hoo; or, as when little girls
I went give you some." Swift in his
Journal to Stella. Vol 22 p 57
(217)

please your honours, cried Trim, I think this
a viler man than the other.]

" Shall not conscience rise up and sting him
" on such occasions ?---No ; thank God there
" is no occasion, I pay every man his own ;---I
" have no fornication to answer to my conscience ;---
" no faithless vows or promises to make up ;---
" I have debauched no man's wife or child ; thank
" God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust,
" or even as this libertine, who stands before me.

" A third is crafty and designing in his
" nature. View his whole life ;---'tis nothing
" but a cunning contexture of dark arts and
" unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the
" the true intent of all laws,---plain dealing
" and the safe enjoyment of our several proper-
" ties.——You will see such a one working
" out a frame of little designs upon the igno-
" rance and perplexities of the poor and needy
" men ;—shall raise a fortune upon the inexpe-
" rience of a youth, or the unsuspected tem-
" per of his friend, who would have trusted
" him with his life.

" When

“ When old age comes on, and repentance
 “ calls him to look back upon this black account,
 “ and state it over again with his conscience,
 “ ——— CONSCIENCE looks into the STA-
 “ TUTES at LARGE ;—finds no express law
 “ broken by what he has done ;---perceives no
 “ penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels in-
 “ curred ;---sees no scourge waving over his
 “ head, or prison opening his gates upon him :
 “ —What is there to affright his conscience ?
 “ ——— Conscience has got safely intrenched
 “ behind the Letter of the Law ; sits there
 “ invulnerable, fortified with *Cases* and *Reports*
 “ so strongly on all sides ;——— that it is not
 “ preaching can dispossess it of its hold.”

[Here Corporal *Trim* and my uncle *Toby* ex-
 changed looks with each other.—Aye,—aye,
Trim ! quoth my uncle *Toby*, shaking his head,—
 these are but sorry fortifications, *Trim*.———
 O ! very poor work, answered *Trim*, to what
 your Honour and I make of it.——— The
 character of this last man, said Dr. *Slop*, inter-
 rupting *Trim*, is more detestable than all the
 rest ;——— and seems to have been taken from
 some pettifogging Lawyer amongst you :——
 Amongst

Amongst us, a man's conscience could not possibly continue so long *blinded*; ——— three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession. Will that restore it to sight, quoth my uncle *Toby*? — Go on, *Trim*, quoth my father, or *Obadiah* will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon. — 'Tis a very short one, replied *Trim*. — I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle *Toby*, for I like it hugely. — — — *Trim* went on.]

“ A fourth man shall want even this refuge ;
 “ — shall break through all this ceremony
 “ of flow chicane ; — scorns the doubtful
 “ workings of secret plots and cautious trains
 “ to bring about his purpose : — — See the bare-
 “ faced villain, how he cheats, lies, perjures,
 “ robs, murders ! — — — Horrid ! — — — But
 “ indeed much better was not to be expected,
 “ in the present case — — — the poor man was
 “ in the dark ! — his priest had got the keeping
 “ of his conscience ; — — — and all he would let
 “ him know of it, was, That he must believe in
 “ the Pope ; — go to Mass ; — cross himself ; — —
 “ tell his beads ; — — — be a good Catholic, and
 “ that this, in all conscience, was enough to
 “ carry

“ carry him to heaven. What ;—if he per-
 “ jures !---Why---he had a mental reservation
 “ in it.—But if he is so wicked and abandon-
 “ ed a wretch as you represent him ;—if
 “ he robs,—if he stabs,—will not consci-
 “ ence, on every such act, receive a wound
 “ itself ?—Aye,—but the man has carried it
 “ to confession ;—the wound digests there,
 “ and will do well enough, and in a short
 “ time be quite healed up by absolution. O
 “ Popery ! what hast thou to answer for ?
 “ —when, not content with the too many
 “ natural and fatal ways, thro’ which the heart
 “ of man is every day thus treacherous to it-
 “ self above all things ;——thou hast wil-
 “ fully set upon this wide gate of deceit be-
 “ fore the face of this unwary traveller, too
 “ apt, God knows, to go astray of himself ;
 “ and confidently speak peace to himself, when
 “ there is no peace.

“ Of this the common instances which I
 “ have drawn out of life, are too notorious
 “ to require much evidence. If any man
 “ doubts the reality of them, or thinks it im-
 “ possibly

“ possible for a man to be such a bubble to
 “ himself,———I must refer him a mo-
 “ ment to his own reflections, and will then
 “ venture to trust my appeal with his own
 “ heart.

“ Let him consider in how different a de-
 “ gree of detestation, numbers of wicked act-
 “ ions stand *there*, tho’ equally bad and vici-
 “ ous in their own natures ;—he will soon find
 “ that such of them as strong inclination and
 “ custom have prompted him to commit, are
 “ generally dressed out and painted with all
 “ the false beauties ; which a soft and a flatter-
 “ ing hand can give them ;——and that the
 “ others, to which he feels no propensity, ap-
 “ pear, at once, naked and deformed, surrounded
 “ with all the true circumstances of folly and
 “ dishonour.

“ When *David* surprized *Saul* sleeping in
 “ the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe,
 “ ——we read his heart smote him for what
 “ he had done :——But in the matter of
 “ *Oriah*, where a faithful and gallant servant,
 “ whom he ought to have loved and honoured,
 “ fell

“ fell to make way for his lust, — where con-
 “ science had so much greater reason to take
 “ the alarm, his heart smote him not. A
 “ whole year had almost passed from the first
 “ commission of that crime, to the time *Nathan*
 “ was sent to reprove him; and we read not
 “ once of the least sorrow or compunction of
 “ heart which he testified, during all that time,
 “ for what he had done.

“ Thus conscience, this once able monitor,
 “ — placed on high as a judge within us,
 “ and intended by our maker as a just and
 “ equitable one too, — by an unhappy train
 “ of causes and impediments, takes often such
 “ imperfect cognizance of what passes, —
 “ does its office so negligently, — sometimes
 “ so corruptly, — that it is not to be trusted
 “ alone; and therefore we find there is a ne-
 “ cessity, an absolute necessity, of joining
 “ another principle with it, to aid, if not
 “ govern, its determinations.

“ So that if you would form a just judgment
 “ of what is of infinite importance to you not
 “ to be misled in, — — — namely, in what de-
 “ gree

“ gree of real merit you stand either as an ho-
 “ nest man, and useful citizen, a faithful
 “ subject to your king, or a good servant to
 “ your God, ——— call in religion and mo-
 “ rality.—Look ,what is written in the law—
 “ of God—How readeſt thou?—Consult
 “ calm reason and the unchangeable obliga-
 “ tions of justice and truth ;—what ſay they ?

“ Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter
 “ upon theſe reports : ———and then if thy
 “ heart condemns thee not, which is the caſe
 “ the Apoſtle ſuppoſes ———the rule will be
 “ infallible;”——[Here Dr. *Slop* fell aſleep]--
 “ *thou wilt have confidence towards God ;—that*
 “ *is, have juſt grounds to believe the judgment*
 “ *thou haſt paſt upon thyſelf, is the judgment*
 “ *of God ; and nothing elſe but an anticipation*
 “ *of that righteous ſentence which will be*
 “ *pronounced upon thee hereafter by that*
 “ *Being, to whom thou art finally to give an*
 “ *account of thy actions.*

“ *Bleſſed is the man, indeed, then, as the*
 “ *author of the book of Eccleſiaſticus expreſſes*
 “ *it, who is not pricked with the multitude of his ſins :*
 “ *Bleſſed is the man whoſe heart hath not condemn-*

“ ed him ; whether he be rich, or whether he be
 “ poor, if he have a good heart (a heart thus
 “ guided and informed) he shall at all times
 “ rejoice in a chearful countenance ; his mind shall
 “ tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above
 “ upon a tower on high.” — [A tower has no
 strength, quoth my uncle *Toby*, unless ’tis flank’d]
 “ —In the darkeſt doubts it ſhall conduct him
 “ ſafer than a thouſand caſuiſts, and give the
 “ ſtate he lives in a better ſecurity for his be-
 “ haviour than all the claules and reſtrictions
 “ put together, which law-makers are forced
 “ to multiply — — *Forced*, I ſay, as things
 “ ſtand ; human laws not being a matter of
 “ original choice, but of pure neceſſity,
 “ brought in to fence againſt the miſchievous
 “ effects of thoſe conſciences which are no
 “ law unto themſelves ; well intending, by the
 “ many proviſions made, — that in all ſuch
 “ corrupt and miſguided caſes, where principles
 “ and the checks of conſcience will not make
 “ us upright, ——— to ſupply their force,
 “ and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige
 “ us to it.”

[I see plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple, —— or at some Assize. —— I like the reasoning, —— and am sorry that Dr. *Slop* has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction ; —— for it is now clear, that the Parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. *Paul* in the least ; —— nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them. —— A great matter, if they had differed, replied my uncle *Toby*, —— the best friends in the world may differ sometimes. —— True —— brother *Toby*, quoth my father, shaking hands with him, —— we'll fill our pipes, brother, and then *Trim* shall go on.

Well —— what dost thou think of it ? said my father, speaking to Corporal *Trim*, as he reached his tobacco-box.

I think, answered the Corporal, that the seven watch-men upon the tower, who, I suppose, are all centinels there, —— are more, an' please your Honour, than were necessary ; —— and, to go on at that rate, would harraßs a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding

officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it, because two centinels, added the Corporal, are as good as twenty.—— I have been a commanding officer myself in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times, continued *Trim*, rising an inch higher in his figure, as he spoke, —and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King *William*, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life.—— Very right, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——but you do not consider, *Trim*, that the towers, in *Solomon's* days were not such things as our bastions, flanked and defended by other works ; ——this, *Trim*, was an invention since *Solomon's* death ; nor had they horn-works, or ravelins before the curtain in his time : ——or such a fossé as we make with the cuvette in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counterscarps allisadoed along it, guard against a *Coup de main* : ——So that the seven men upon the tower were a party, I dare say, from the *Corps de Garde*, set there, not only to look out, but to defend it. ——They could be no more, an' please your Honour, than a Corporal's Guard. ——My father smiled inwardly, ——but not outwardly ; ——the

subje

subject became rather too serious, considering what had happened, to make a jest of:—So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted,——he contented himself with ordering *Trim* to read on. He read on as follows :]

“ To have the fear of God before our eyes,
 “ and, in our mutual dealings with each other,
 “ to govern our actions by the eternal mea-
 “ sures of right and wrong :—The first of
 “ these will comprehend the duties of reli-
 “ gion ; ——the second, those of morality,
 “ which are so inseparably connected toge-
 “ ther, that you cannot divide these two *tables*,
 “ even in imagination (tho’ the attempt is
 “ often made in practice) without breaking
 “ and mutually destroying them both.

“ I said the attempt is often made ; and so
 “ it is ; ——there being nothing more com-
 “ mon than to see a man who has no sense at
 “ all of religion, and indeed has so much honesty
 “ as to pretend to none, who would take it as
 “ the bitterest affront, should you but hint
 “ at a suspicion of his moral character, ——

“ or imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

“ When there is some appearance that it is so—tho’ one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

“ Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small dependance upon his actions in matters of great distress.

“ I will illustrate this by an example.

“ I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in,”—[There is no need, cried Dr. *Stop*, (waking) to call in any physician in this case]—“ to be neither of them
“ men

“ men of much religion : I hear them make
 “ a jest of it every day, and treat all its fanc-
 “ tions with so much scorn, as to put the mat-
 “ ter past doubt. Well ;—notwithstanding
 “ this, I put my fortune into the hands of the
 “ one ; — and what is dearer still to me, I
 “ trust my life to the honest skill of the
 “ other.

“ Now let me examine what is my reason
 “ for this great confidence. ——— Why, in
 “ the first place, I believe there is no pro-
 “ bability that either of them will employ the
 “ power I put into their hands to my disad-
 “ vantage ;—I consider that honesty serves the
 “ purposes of this life :—I know their success
 “ in the world depends upon the fairness of
 “ their characters. ——— In a word,—I’m per-
 “ suaded that they cannot hurt me, without
 “ they hurt themselves more.

“ But put it otherwise, namely, that in-
 “ terest lay, for once, on the other side ; that
 “ a case should happen, wherein the one, with-
 “ out stain to his reputation, could secrete my
 “ fortune, and leave me naked in the world ;

“ —or that the other could send me out of
 “ it, and enjoy an estate by my death without
 “ dishonour to himself or his art:—In this
 “ case, what hold have I of either of them?
 “ —Religion, the strongest of all motives, is
 “ out of the question:—Interest, the next most
 “ powerful motive in the world, is strongly
 “ against me:—What have I left to cast into
 “ the opposite scale to ballance this temptation?
 “ —Alas! I have nothing——nothing but
 “ what is lighter than a bubble—I must lie
 “ at the mercy of HONOUR, or some such
 “ capricious principle.—Strait security for
 “ two of the most valuable blessings!—my pro-
 “ perty and myself.

“ As, therefore, we can have no dependance
 “ upon morality without religion;—so, on the
 “ other hand, there is nothing better to be ex-
 “ pected from religion without morality;—ne-
 “ vertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man
 “ whose real moral character stands very low,
 “ who yet entertains the highest notion of
 “ himself, in the light of a religious man.

“ He

“ He shall not only be covetous, revengeful,
 “ implacable, ——— but even wanting
 “ in points of common honesty; yet, inasmuch
 “ as he talks aloud against the infidelity of
 “ the age, ——— is zealous for some points of
 “ religion, — goes twice a day to church
 “ ——— attends the sacraments, ——— and
 “ amuses himself with a few instrumental parts
 “ of religion, ——— shall cheat his conscience
 “ into a judgment, that, for this, he is a reli-
 “ gious man, and has discharged truly his duty
 “ to God: And you will find that such a
 “ man, through force of this delusion, gene-
 “ rally looks down with spiritual pride upon
 “ every other man who has less affectation
 “ of piety, --- though, perhaps, ten times more
 “ real honesty than himself.

“ *This likewise is a sore evil under the sun;*
 “ and, I believe, there is no one mistaken
 “ principle, which, for its time, has wrought
 “ more serious mischiefs. --- For a general proof
 “ of this, -- examine the history of the *Romish*
 “ church;” --- [Well, what can you make of
 that? cried Dr. Slop,] — “ see what scenes of

“cruelty, murders, rapine, blood-shed,”----
 [They may thank their own obstinacy, cried
Dr. Slop]---“have all been sanctified by a re-
 “ligion not strictly governed by morality.

“In how many kingdoms of the world”
 [Here *Trim*, kept waving his right hand from
 the sermon to the extent of his arms, returning
 it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of
 the paragraph.]

“In how many kingdoms of the world has
 “the crusading sword of this misguided faint-
 “errant spared neither age, or merit, or sex,
 “or condition?—and, as he fought under the
 “banners of a religion which set him loose from
 “justice and humanity, he shewed none; mer-
 “cilessly trampled upon both,—heard neither
 “the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their
 “distresses.”

[I have been in many a battle, an’ please
 your Honour, quoth *Trim*, fighting, but never
 in so melancholy a one as this.—I would not
 have drawn a tricker in it against these poor
 souls,———to have been made a general
 officer

officer. ——— Why? what do you understand of the affair? said Dr. *Slop*, looking towards *Trim*, with something more contempt than the Corporal's honest heart deserved. — What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of? — I know, replied *Trim*, that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it; — but to a woman or a child, continued *Trim*, before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times. ——— Here's a crown for thee, *Trim*, to drink with *Obadiab* to-night, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and I'll give *Obadiab* another too. — God bless your Honour, replied *Trim*, — I had rather these poor women and children had it. ——— Thou art an honest fellow, quoth my uncle *Toby*, ——— My father nodded his head, ——— as much as to say, ——— and so he is. ———

But prithee, *Trim*, said my father, make an end, — for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal *Trim* read on]

“ If the testimony of past centuries in this
 “ matter is not sufficient,---consider at this
 “ instant, how the votaries of that religion
 “ are every day thinking to do service and ho-
 “ nour to God, by actions which are a dis-
 “ honour and scandal to themselves.

Vid : Bentley's Sermon on Popery 365 &c

“ To be convinced of this, go with me for
 “ a moment into the prisons of the Inquisi-
 “ tion.”---[God help my poor brother *Tom*.]
 “ ---“ Behold *Religion*, with *Mercy* and *Justice*
 “ chained down under her feet,—there sitting
 “ ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up
 “ with racks and instruments of torment.
 “ Hark !—hark ! what a piteous groan !”
 —[Here *Trim*'s face turned as pale as ashes.]
 “ —See the melancholy wretch who uttered
 “ it,”——[Here the tears began to trickle
 down]—“ just brought forth to undergo the
 “ anguish of a mock trial, and endure the ut-
 “ most pains that a studied system of cruelty
 “ has been able to invent.”—[D—n them all,
 “ quoth *Trim*, his colour returning into his
 “ face as red as blood.]—“ Behold this help-
 “ less victim delivered up to his tormentors,
 “ ——his body so wasted with sorrow and con-
 “ finement

“finement.”——[Oh! ’tis my brother, cried poor *Trim* in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—I fear ’tis poor *Tom*. My father’s and my uncle *Toby*’s hearts yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow’s distress; even *Slop* himself acknowledged pity for him.—Why, *Trim*, said my father, this is not a history,——’tis a sermon thou art reading; prithee begin the sentence again.]——“Behold
 “this helpless victim delivered up to his tor-
 “mentors,—his body so wasted with sorrow
 “and confinement, you will see every nerve
 “and muscle as it suffers,

“Observe the last movement of that horrid
 “engine!”——[I would rather face a cannon, quoth *Trim*, stamping.——“See what con-
 “vulsions it hath thrown him into!——Con-
 “sider the nature of the posture in which he
 “now lies stretched,—what exquisite tortures he
 “endures by it!”——[I hope ’tis not in *Portu-
 gal*.]——“’Tis all nature can bear! Good God!
 “see how it keeps his weary soul hanging up-
 “on his trembling lips!” [I would not read
 another line of it, quoth *Trim*, for all this
 world;

world ;—I fear, an' please your Honours, all this is in *Portugal*, where my poor brother *Tom* is. I tell thee, *Trim*, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an historical account,——'tis a description.---'Tis only a description honest man, quoth *Slop*, there's not a word of truth in it. ---That's another story, replied my father.--- However, as *Trim* reads it with so much concern,---'its cruelty to force him to go on with it.——Give me hold of the sermon, *Trim*, I'll finish it for thee, and thou may'st go. I must stay and hear it too, replied *Trim*, if your honour will allow me ;---tho' I would not read it myself for a colonel's pay.——Poor *Trim* ! quoth my uncle *Toby*. My father went on.]—

Bentley " ---Consider the nature of the posture in
 366 " which he now lies stretched,---what exquisite torture he endures by it ! —'Tis all nature can bear !---Good God ! See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips,—willing to take its leave, —but not suffered to depart !——Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell !"---
 [Then, thank God however, quoth *Trim*, they have not killed him.——]" See him
 " dragged

“ dragged out of it again to meet the flames,
 “ and the insults in his last agonies, which
 “ this principle,———this principle, that
 “ there can be religion without mercy, has
 “ prepared for him.”---[Then, thank God,---
 he is dead, quoth *Trim*,---he is out of his pain
 ---and they have done their worst at him.---
 O Sirs !———Hold your peace, *Trim*, said
 my father, going on with the sermon, lest *Trim*
 should incense Dr. *Slop*,—we shall never have
 done at this rate,

“ The surest way to try the merit of any
 “ disputed notion is, to trace down the conse-
 “ quences such a notion has produced, and com-
 “ pare them with the spirit of Christianity ;—
 “ ’tis the short and decisive rule which our Sa-
 “ viour hath left us, for these and such-like
 “ cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments
 “ ————*By their fruits ye shall know them.*

“ I will add no farther to the length of this
 “ sermon, than by two or three short and in-
 “ dependent rules deducible from it.

“ *First*, Whenever a man talks loudly against
 “ religion,

“ religion, always suspect that it is not his rea-
 “ son, but his passions which have got the
 “ better of his CREED. A bad life and a good
 “ belief are disagreeable and troublesome neigh-
 “ bours, and where they separate, depend upon
 “ it, 'tis for no other cause but quietness sake.

“ *Secondly*, When a man, thus represented,
 “ tells you in any particular instance, — That
 “ such a thing goes against his conscience, —
 “ always believe he means exactly the same
 “ thing, as when he tells you such a thing
 “ goes *against* his stomach ;--a present want of
 “ appetite being generally the true cause of
 “ both.

“ In a word, ——— trust that man in no-
 “ thing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every
 “ thing.

“ And, in your own case, remember this
 “ plain distinction, a mistake in which has
 “ ruined thousands, -- that your conscience is not
 “ a law :—No, God and reason made the law,
 “ and have placed conscience within you to de-
 “ termine ;—not like an *Asiatick* Cadi, accord-
 “ ing

“ing to the ebbs and flows of his own passions,
“---but like a *British* judge in this land of li-
“berty and good sense, who makes no new law,
“but faithfully declares that law which he
“knows already written.”

F I N I S.

Thom

Thou hast read the sermon extremely well, *Trim*, quoth my father.——If he had spared his comments, replied *Dr. Slop*, he would have read it much better. I should have read it ten times better, Sir, answered *Trim*, but that my heart was so full.——That was the very reason, *Trim*, replied my father, which has made thee read the sermon as well as thou hast done; and if the clergy of our church, continued my father, addressing himself to *Dr. Slop*, would take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this poor fellow has done,——as their compositions are fine;——[I deny it, quoth *Dr. Slop*,]——I maintain it;——that the eloquence of our pulpits, with such subjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world:—But alas! continued my father, and I own it, Sir, with sorrow, that, like *French* politicians in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet they lose in the field.——’I were a pity, quoth my uncle, that this should be lost. I like the sermon well, replied my father,—’tis dramatic,——and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the attention.——We preach much in that way with us, said *Dr. Slop* —I know that very well,

well, said my father,—but in a tone and manner which disgusted Dr. *Slop*, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.—But in this, added Dr. *Slop*, a little piqued,—our sermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr or a saint. There are some very bad characters in this, however, said my father, and I do not think the sermon a jot the worse for 'em.—But pray, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—-who's can this be?—How could it get into my *Stevinus*? A man must be as great a conjurer as *Stevinus*, said my father, to resolve the second question:—The first I think is not so difficult;—for unless my judgment greatly deceives me,——I know the author, for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.

The similitude of the stile and manner of it, with those my father constantly had heard preached in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjecture,——proving it as strongly, as an argument *à priori* could prove such a thing to a philosophic mind, That it was *Yorick's* and no one's else:——It was proved to be so *à*

posteriori, the day after, when *Yorick* sent a servant to my uncle *Toby's* house to enquire after it.

It seems that *Yorick*, who was inquisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed *Stevinus* of my uncle *Toby*, and had carelessly popped his sermon, as soon as he had made it, into the middle of *Stevinus*, and by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was very subject, he had sent *Stevinus* home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon ! Thou wast lost, after this recovery of thee a second time, dropped thro' an unsuspected fissure in thy master's pocket, down into the treacherous and tattered lining—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind foot of his *Rosinante*, inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou fallest ;——buried ten days in the mire,——raised up out of it by a beggar,—fold for a halfpenny to a parish-clerk,——transferred to his parson,——lost for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days ——nor restored to his restless MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the story.

Can

Can the reader believe, that this sermon of *✱ Yorick's* was preached at an assize, in the cathedral of *York*, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done,—and within so short a space as two years and three months after *Yorick's* death. —*Yorick*, indeed, was never better served in his life; ——— but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with *Yorick*, ——— and, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away ; ——— and that I am told he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit, — I declare I would not have published this anecdote to the world;—nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church. ——— I leave that to others ; ——— but I find myself impelled by two reasons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, That in doing justice, I may give rest to *Yorick's* ghost :—— which, as—— the country-people, and some others, believe,— *still walks.*

See The second reason is, That by laying open
Vol-2 this story to the world, I gain an opportunity
P 327 of informing it,-----That in case the character
328! of parson *Yorick*, and this sample of his sermons,
for is liked——there are now in the possession
more of the *Shandy* family, as many as will make
about a handsome volume, at the world's ser-
vice,——— and much good may they
sermon. do it.

C H A P. XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without dispute ; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in the green bays bag
 we

we spoke of, flung across his body, just as Corporal *Trim* went out of the room.

It is now proper I think, quoth Dr. *Slop*, (clearing up his looks) as we are in a condition to be of some service to Mrs. *Shandy*, to send up stairs to know how she goes on.

I have ordered, answered my father, the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty ;——for you must know, Dr. *Slop*, continued my father, with a perplexed kind of smile upon his countenance, that by express treaty, solemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary, in this affair, — and not so much as that ---unless the lean old mother of a midwife above stairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies, and in points of this nature, continued my father, where they bear the whole burden, and suffer so much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species,—they claim a right of deciding, *en Souveraines*, in whose hands, and in what fashion, they chuse to undergo it.

They are in the right of it,——quoth my uncle *Toby*. But, Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, not taking notice of my uncle *Toby's* opinion, but turning to my father,——they had better govern in other points; ——and a father of a family, who wished its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.—I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite dispassionate in what he said, —I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world, — unless that, —— of who shall beget them. ——— One would almost give up any thing, replied Dr. *Slop*. — I beg your pardon —— answered my uncle *Toby*, —— Sir, replied Dr. *Slop*, it would astonish you to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*, —— which has received such lights, that, for my part (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has —— I wish, quoth my uncle *Toby*,

Toby you had seen what prodigious armies we had in *Flanders*. *Vid. Vol 3. p 267*

C H A P. XIX.

I Have dropped the curtain over this scene for a minute,——to remind you of one thing——and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes I own, a little out of its due course; --for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.——Writers had need look before them to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done,——the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my uncle *Toby*, my father, and Dr. *Slop*, shall go on
R 4 with

with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this ;——that from the specimens of singularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian-names, and that other point previous thereto,---you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am sure I said as much, that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimsical in fifty other opinions. In truth there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting,——down to the lean and slippered pantaloon in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

——Mr. *Sbandy*, my father, Sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it ;——he placed things in his own light ;——he would weigh nothing in common scales ;——no,—— he was too refined a researcher to lie open to so gross an imposition.---To come at the exact weight of things in the scientific steelyard,

yard, the fulcrum, he would say, should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;---whithout this the minutiae of philosophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all. Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm was invisible *in infinitum*;---that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.---In a word, he would say, error was error,—no matter where it fell,---whether in a fraction,—or a pound,—’twas alike fatal to truth, and she was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly’s wing.---as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skillfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint;—that the political arch was giving way;—and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so fapped as estimators had reported.

You

You cry out, he would say, we are a ruined, undone people.---Why ? he would ask, making use of the sorites or syllogism of *Zeno* and *Chrysippus*, without knowing it belonged to them. ---Why ? why are we ruined people ?---Because we are corrupted?--Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted ?--Because we are needy ; --our poverty, and not our wills, consent.--And wherefore, he would add,---are we needy ?---From the neglect, he would answer, of our pence and halfpence :---Our bank notes, Sir, our guineas,---nay our shillings take care of themselves.

'Tis the same, he would say, throughout the whole circle of the sciences ;-----the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon.---The laws of nature will defend themselves ;---but error--- (he would add, looking earnestly at my mother)---error, Sir, creeps in thro' the minute holes, and small crevices, which human nature leaves unguarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what

I had to remind you of : — The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows :

Amongst the many and excellent reasons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. *Slop's* assistance preferably to that of the old woman,---there was one of a very singular nature ; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher, he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet-anchor. x-

——It failed him ; tho' from no defect in the argument itself, but that, do what he could, he was not able for his soul to make her comprehend the drift of it.---Curfed luck !---said he to himself, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpose ;——curfed luck ! said he, biting his lip as he shut the door,---for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature, ---and have a wife at the same time with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference

inference within side of it, to save his soul from destruction.

This argument, tho' it was intirely lost upon my mother,----had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together: —I will therefore endeavour to do it justice, ---and set it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two following axioms :

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a ton of other people's ; and,

Secondly, (Which by the bye, was the ground work of the first axiom,---tho' it comes last) That every man's wit must come from every man's own soul,——and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls were by nature equal,----and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understanding, —— was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one think-

ing

ing substance above or below another,—but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the soul principally took up her residence,---he had made it the subject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied it could not be where *Des Cartes* had fixed it upon the top of the *pineal* gland of the brain; which, as he philosophised, formed a cushion for her about the size of a marrow pea; tho', to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—'twas no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plumb into the centre of the mistake, had it not been for my uncle *Toby*, who rescued him out of it, by a story he told him of a *Walloon* officer at the battle of *Landen*, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket-ball,——and another part of it taken out after by a *French* surgeon; and after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

If death, said my father, reasoning with himself, is nothing but the separation of the soul from the body;—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their business without † brains,---then certes the soul does not inhabit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, subtle and very fragrant juice which *Coglioniſſimo Borri*, the great *Milaneze* physician, affirms, in a letter to *Bartholine*, to have discovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the reasonable soul (for, you must know, in these latter and more enlightened ages, there are two souls in every man living, ---the one according to the great *Metheglin-gius* being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*;—as for this opinion, I say, of *Borri*,—my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like a tadpole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle,——or in a liquid of any kind,
how

how thick or thin soever, he would say, shocked his imagination; he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, seemed the least liable to objections of any, was, that the chief sensorium, or head-quarters of the soul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued,—was in, or near, the cerebellum,—or rather some where about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by *Dutch* anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the seven senses concentered, like streets and winding alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing singular in my father's opinion, —he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates, of go along with him.---But here he took a road of his own, setting up another *Shandean* hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for him; —and which said hypothesis equally stood its ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the soul depended upon the temperature and
clearness

clearness of the said liquor, or of the finer network and texture in the cerebellum itself; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natured parts, do consist; that next to this and his christian-name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all, ——— that the third cause, or rather what logicians call the *Causa sine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of significance, ——— was the preservation of this delicate and fine-spun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the nonsensical method of bringing us in to the world by that foremost.

——— This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonesis de Portu difficili**, published by *Adrianus Smelvgot*, had

* The author is here twice mistaken;—for *Lithopædus* should

found out That the lax and pliable state of a *Ferriez*
 child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium *Lommene*
 having no sutures at that time, was such, *Edin.*
 that by force of the woman's efforts, which in *Majaz*
 strong labour-pains, was equal, upon an aver- *Seb: glo*
 age, to the weight of 470 pounds averdupois *with*
 acting perpendicularly upon it ; - it so happened *quotas*
 that, in 49 instances out of 50, the said head *hous*
 was compressed and moulded into the shape of *from*
 an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a *Mauri*
 pastry cook generally rolls up in order to make *ccau*
 a pye of. ——— Good God ! cried my father, *malady*
 what havock and destruction must this make *de Sienn*
 in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the *Grosset*
 cerebellum ! ——— Or if there is such a juice *de, d*

Bulwars anthropometamorphosis

should be wrote thus, *Litbopædii Senonensis Icon.* The second
 mistake is, that this *Litbopædus* is not an author, but a draw-
 ing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by
Atobius, 1580, may be seen at the end of *Crodeus's* works in
Spachius. Mr. *Tristram Shandy* has been led into this error,
 either from seeing *Litbopædus's* name of late in a catalogue of
 learned writers in Dr. ———, or by mistaking *Litbopædus* for
Trinceavellius. ——— from the too great similitude of the
 names.

as *Borri* pretends,——is it not enough to make the clearest liquor in the world both feculent and mothery ;

But how great was his apprehension, when he farther understood, that this force acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself or cerebrum, ——but that it necessarily squeezed and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate seat of the understanding.——Angels and Ministers of grace defend us ! cried my father,—can any soul withstand this shock ?—No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tattered as we see it ; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk,——all perplexity—all confusion within side.

But when my father read on, and was let into the secret, that when a child was turned topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet ;——that instead of the cerebrum being propelled towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum on the contrary, was propelled simply towards
the

cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt:—By heavens ! cried he, the world is in conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us, ——— and the professors of the obstetric art are lifted into the same conspiracy.—What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum escapes uncrushed ?

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself, as proper nourishment ; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand. This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was scarce a phenomenon of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it ; ——— it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family ——— Poor devil, he would say ——— he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers——It unriddled the observation

of drivellers and monstrous heads,---shewing, *à priori*, it could not be otherwise,---unless
 **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the *Asiatic* genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sun-shine, &c.---which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing, by one extreme,---as they are condensed in colder climates by the other;---but he traced the affair up to the spring-head;---shewed that, in warmer climates, nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fairest parts of the creation;---their pleasures more;---the necessity of their pains less, in-
 somuch that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was so slight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preserved;---nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that so much as a single thread of the net-work was broke or displaced,---so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When

When my father had got so far,---what a blaze of light did the accounts of the *Cæsarian* section, and of the towering geniuses who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis? Here you see, he would say, there was no injury done to the sensorium;—no pressure of the head against the pelvis;—no propulsion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *os pubis* on this side, or the *os coxygis* on that;—and, pray, what were the happy consequences? Why, Sir, your *Julius Cæsar*, who gave the operation a name;—and your *Hermes Trismegistus*, who was born so before the operation had a name;—your *Scipio Africanus*; your *Manlius Torquatus*; our *Edward the Sixth*,—who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis:—These, and many more, who figured high in the annals of fame, ---all came *side-way*, Sir, into the world.

This incision of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for six weeks together in my father's head;—he had read, and was satisfied, that wounds in the *epigastrium*, and those in the *matrix*, were not mortal;—so that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a pas-

sage to the child. ~~X~~ He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother;—merely as a matter of fact;—but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes,---he thought it as well to say no more of it,---contenting himself with admiring,---what he thought was to no purpose to propose.

This was my father Mr. *Shandy*'s hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother *Bobby* did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we spoke of:—For happening not only to be christened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at *Epsom*——being moreover my mother's *first* child,—coming into the world with his head *foremost*,——and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful flow parts,——my father spelt all these together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,——he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the
Asterhood, who are not easily to be put out of
their

their way,—and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. *Slop* was the fittest for my father's purpose;—for though this new-invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the safest instrument of deliverance,—yet, it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;—tho' not with a view to the soul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's system,—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. *Slop*, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my uncle *Toby*.—In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science,—is hard to conceive.---You may conjecture upon it, if you please,---and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in

S 4

nature

nature it could come to pass, that my uncle *Toby* got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin.---You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage-articles,---and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called *TRISTRAM*, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, God-fathers and God-mothers not excepted.---These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to solve if you have time;—but I tell you before-hand it will be in vain,---for not the sage *Alquise*, the magician in *Don Belianis of Greece*, nor the noble's famous *Urganda*, the sorceress his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year, ---when a series of things will be laid open which he little expects.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

